

Drop Shocks

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Summary: Rookie drops into a whole new universe. But this time, he's not alone. He'll find new enemies and new allies, a whole universe and all of it's intricacies. Luckily he's got the firepower to deal with it all.

## 1. Chapter 1

The ODST Lance Corporal nicknamed "Rookie" was one of those strong, silent types. Someone who got the job done no matter what the circumstance or situation. Despite that, finding himself in the middle of an alien city surrounded by blue tentacle-haired women needed some thinking about. He had no weapons and no radio contact with the rest of his team, since his weapons were in the pod that had crashed into a nearby building and his team... who know's where the hell they were, or for that matter where he was. Police, or what seemed to be police, had already cordoned off the area and were scanning the pod thoroughly with glowing orange gauntlets. Sooner or later they would be taking out the weapons and searching for their owner.

He limped further through the alleyway. His body had taken a lot of shock when he jumped from his pod moments before the crash. He was certain a few bones were broken somewhere and he was bleeding out of his leg despite the bio foam. Leaning on a wall to catch his breath the Rookie began to think about what to do next. Obviously outnumbered and without intel he was utterly lost. First thing he had to do was to find out where he was and get his weapons. Then figure out what to do next. Night was close, if the sunset was any indication. He would make his move then. Hopefully the pain would start to subside after a nap. It made it hard to function when his body felt like it had been pummeled by a Brute. He closed his eyes and started to fall asleep...

\*\*3 hours ago\*\*

"Someone check if Rookie's still alive, he hasn't moved for hours."

Thwack! A hard slap hit Rookie straight where his ear would be if it weren't covered by his helmet. Looking up, he saw Mickey with a rocket launcher waving hello.

"No worries! He was sleeping' his ass off while the real soldiers worked! Here Rookie, this is the last of it Come on, we got a drop in thirty.." Mickey held out the launcher which Rookie took and placed inside his pod along with all the other weapons and gear. The HEV pod had been practically filled to the brim with ammo and all other sorts of equipment. Right now they were about to drop onto the Ark, the central command of the Halo rings, to provide assistance to Master Chief as he made his way to the Prophet of Truth. That's why every pod had been loaded with so much gear, just in case the walking tank needed yet another gun. Before the pod closed the Rookie heard a voice he hadn't heard since New Mombasa. Captain Dare's.

"Rookie! Hold up; I got something for you." She walked over to him and showed him a data chip. More specifically, a data chip for AI.

"Remember when that Engineer integrated with the Superintendent? This is it. Apparently it became a smart A.I. because of that. We've never had an AI that was integrated with an Engineer before. Rewrote nearly its whole code in the past few months." She held out the chip to the Rookie.

"And it requested to be paired with you. Normally ONI wouldn't even think to give out a smart A.I. to a foot soldier, but it caused a ruckus with headquarters until they agreed, so they want you to obtain intelligence on Forerunner tech while you're down there."

The Rookie took the chip and attached it to the neural interface within his helmet. He saw superimposed images of the superintendent on his HUD flashing before him and the familiar beeping greeting of the VERGIL subroutine he'd come to know; it was unexpectedly followed by a rather womanly voice in his headset.

"Interface accepted. Pleased to meet you again 'Rookie'." It's voice sounded human, but it had undertones of both the Engineer's noises and the Superintendent's beeps that made it distinctly foreign to his ears.

"Good luck Rookie." Dare turned away and closed his pod. He saw her moving towards Buck before the signal to jump had turned on and everyone scrambled for their pods. A few minutes later the pods were released and-

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><p>His sleep was interrupted by the voice of... Something... It was directed at him and rapid, even if he couldn't recognize the words. Without moving he opened his eyes and saw the face of one of those blue aliens looking straight into his helmet. Around it he saw more aliens, all of them blue and all of them women, if the body type was anything like human. They all carried pistols in their hands, all aimed at his direction. The alien called out to her companions and he heard the beeping of the superintendent AI.<p>

"Extra species contact doesn't match known Covenant profiles. Proceed with caution."

Detective Moya Santeas and her squad couldn't believe her eyes when they saw the suit of armor in the alleyway. It was distinctly foreign even on Illium and probably belonged to the pod full of weaponry they had found earlier crashed in Nassanna Dantius' building. She had determined it to be human based on the lettering, but it didn't look close to anything she had seen in her 300 years of policing. That and the strange weaponry it had been filled to the brim with gave her the impression of an Alliance black ops. Although sending a chunk of metal hurtling through the air wasn't really stealthy at all.

The squad approached the armored figure slowly with weapons drawn. If it really was a black ops unit on Illium there could be a political hurricane, and the higher ups would flay her if she let something like this go public. She knelt down over the body and checked it for weapons. None, so far as she should see, except for an old fashioned combat knife in a sheath on his chest. She started asking him questions.

"Sir? Are you alive? Can you hear me? Are you alive? Who are you?"  
Nothing.

But then the man in the armor moved. She jumped back, and the squad raised their weapons in preparation. Slowly, he raised his hand and reached for his helmet, pressing a button on the side.

The helmet did a strange sequence of beeps before a female human voice spoke.

"Please make way for emergency personnel providing medical assistance." Strange, it was a woman? And why speak like a public service announcement? Nonetheless, she saw a small pool of blood collecting under him/her and called for a medical team ASAP. She needed answers and it needed to be alive to answer them. Sighing as the medics arrived, she watched them load the human into the ambulance. She surveyed the scene around her and just knew.

"This is going to be a whole heap of shit isn't it?"

## 2. Chapter 2

His mind snapped to attention after only a few minutes. Not that the blue-skinned medical personnel knew. The Rookie had been keen enough to fake his unconscious state so they could treat him. Nothing healed a broken limb other than being set and some time though, so it was either detained in a hospital or finding a hidey hole in this massive skyscraper city for a few months. It was obvious which choice he'd take. The only question was howâ€¦

His helmet lay nearby; they'd taken it off to examine his injuries. The A.I. was still in its internal computer, and although information could still be sent to it via neural link, there wasn't much he could do to communicate with it that wouldn't give his consciousness away.

Normally the Rookie was very methodical and astute; aware of every

variable and always searching for opportunities. That's how he survived New Mombasa. That's how he survived much of the war. But the world wasn't ever so kind as to provide him with his ideal circumstances, and more than occasionally he had to do what every Hell jumper did when they dropped. What the UNSC had done when they accompanied the Master Chief to the Ark. He took a leap of faith.

He wasn't restrained with the intention of detainment but merely the straps to hold down a body so it didn't injure itself. That was a mistake. His backpack lay next to the door of the ambulance, and they didn't know he was awake. Those were opportunities. He broke out of the straps easily; his strength enhanced by the mandatory UNSC regulated gene mods and a few not so UNSC regulated mods he had procured. The brass hardly gave him a second glance. The mods made him a better soldier and they didn't make him crazy. Wellâ€| any crazier at least. He started his escape.

\* \* \*

><p>Moya felt what happened before she understood it. A blinding light shot out from the helmet and the mystery man broke through the straps like string. She felt a blow to her head that left her stunned for a moment. The man grabbed the helmet and backpack and limped hastily towards the door. In one fluid motion he equipped both items, took hold of the door handle, threw it open, and jumped.<p>

\* \* \*

><p>The moment he opened the ambulance door the fierce winds scattered around him, temporarily blinding the other occupants. After he jumped he spotted an open terrace within reachable distance. Moya recovered quickly and hurried to catch him. She threw a stasis field but he was already out the door and freefalling towards escape.<p>

Now, the veteran detective was also methodical. Much of her job required assembling evidence, following leads, and efficiently dealing with the mountain of paperwork that followed. But that went out the door with the rest of her as she flung herself out of the ambulance to catch the mystery man. Perhaps it was the blow to the head, maybe she just didn't want to report how she lost a suspect; it hardly mattered once she jumped. She had decently strong biotics and could, with some difficulty, catch the suspect and land somewhat safely. But she didn't know about the jetpack.

The ODSST division nicknamed Bullfrogs for their expert, and sometimes excessive, use of jet packs on Reach proved to be invaluable in combating Covenant forces in the super-skyscrapers of New Alexandria. Naturally, the jetpacks doubled as regular packs as well. The ODSSTs who were to drop onto the Chief's location were equipped with them since the Brutes started utilizing the same concept of high ground mobility. The Rookie was just relieved that it wasn't destroyed like much of his equipment upon his 2nd building crash landing. The pack roared to life and he angled himself almost parallel to the ground, headed towards a seemingly empty restaurant terrace.

"Caution: tailgating is a 500 credit fine" The A.I. in Rookie's helmet spoke. It seemed to have an annoying habit of providing public safety tips all the time. Then again, he'd somewhat enjoyed the canned announcements. It was like a small game. Must've been the

Superintendent part in the coding. He looked behind him to see his pursuer.

Behind him, the detective was cursing her ignorance. She should've checked his equipment beforehand. But there was still a chance. She was a Vanguard after all.

She threw herself into a mid-air biotic charge on a crash course with the Rookie, catching up in seconds and grabbing his leg before she lost her lead.

"Over my dead bod- Woah!"

The sudden weight threw them both off balance, and Rookie's entry would be more of a crash into a wall instead of the precarious yet ultimately safe descent he had planned. He kicked the detective off and threw his weight to rotate his body, going into a full reverse so he would slide on his back rather than his face. It wasn't enough; the momentum from the detective sent him crashing into the chest of a Spectre, her body cushioning his as they tumbled into a wall on the far end of the terrace.

The detective's course unintentionally intercepted a pull field, stopping her immediately and taking her into the arms of her savior, a rather surprised Justicar.

"Justicar Samara?! How did-" She glanced over at the Rookie to see if he was alive. For better or for worse, he was.

He recovered quickly, rolling off of the Spectre he just collided with and hopping over the edge of the wall. Moya broke out of the Justicar's arms and ran to the edge where he jumped. To her dismay she saw the massive crowds of the numerous back alley districts. There was no shortage of armored men there, and for a lone detective to try finding one person in that mess was suicide.

\* \* \*

><p>Commander Shepard walked over to the crumpled corpse of Shadow Broker agent Tela Vasir, who was ass-tackled into the wall out of nowhere by some guy with a jetpack. Yupâ€| definitely dead. Then she looked over at the detective chasing him. Shepard could really only come up with one appropriate question.<p>

"What the fuck was that?"

\* \* \*

><p><strong>So I'm back after a long hiatus with a little announcement: Updates are definitely going to be few and far between for both my stories since I'll be attending college soon. I can't promise a lot, but just know that I'm still writing. It'll be slow, tedious labor, but it'll happen.<strong>

### 3. Chapter 3

"Always look both ways before crossing a street! Your safety is of the utmost importance..."

\* \* \*

><p>The seemingly flustered voice seemed to blare through his internal speakers. The AI, as helpful and comforting to have as it was, never seemed to shut up. The alleyway that he fled to flickered with its dim fluorescent lights. The Rookie stopped and caught his breath. The events of the day took their toll on his stamina. Even ODSs, mighty and brave, were only human. His leg was still in pain and he didn't have any of his weapons, not even his knife anymore, probably confiscated for evidence if those were authorities. There was not much he could do except gather his strength and plan his next move. He slumped onto a crate beside the wall and inspected the world around him for the first time without immediate duress.<p>

It was familiar, in a way. The towering city reminded him of the skyscrapers of New Mombasa and Reach, if a little more drastic and sleek. There were stores, and families, and slums. He'd never seen alien cities before, but this one was slightly comforting in its similarity; even if all the locals were blue women, they were normal people.

However, a lifetime of war didn't help to ease his mind. The Sangheili "Elites" as they were once known had proven to be valuable allies, but humanity still knew them as the monsters who took everything from them. It might be a lingering case of xenophobia, but Rookie wasn't ready to introduce himself to an entirely new alien species quite yet. After all, the UNSC didn't have a good track record of First Contact. All things aside, he'd be able to move around more inconspicuously during night. He'd look for some kind of safe house to shelter in but for now, this run down alley he had taken refuge in would have to do. He sat down in a small niche so that he would be hidden from passing eyes. Until night fell, he was just going to have to rest.

**\*\*On the terrace\*\***

"I can't tell you what I don't know!" Detective Santeas was almost ready to throw herself into open sky again. Perhaps just by their manner of occupation SPECTRES always assumed somebody had more information than they told. She'd already told Shepard everything she could about the man in armor, and the pod, and the cache of strange weapons inside. One of Shepard's companions spoke up with an idea:

"Maybe I can track him down, Shepard. If what Detective Santeas is saying is true, our mystery man could be a handful if we just let him run around unchecked." Garrus made some good points.

"Okay, but take Miranda with you too. And don't do anything stupid." Shepard trusted him with her life. She could trust him with this too. Garrus accepted the order, calling an air car and radioed the Cerberus operative for the manhunt.

"I'm coming too," Moya chipped in, "I know this city, and this is my pain in the ass to deal with."

**\*\*Hours Later\*\***

The images in his dreams flashed through his head like a lightning storm. The Ark, Dare, the AI, the drop. But everything else was a

blur. His memories would be sorted out with time, and there was a recorded log embedded within his helmet. He'd access that later when he was off the streets. The flickering lights that turned on as dusk made its way into night. And he rose as he always did. Quietly. Steadily.

For the Rookie things on the surface things seemed as normal as a civilian would assume. Night life in the vast city could be heard bustling even over the roar of air cars. But a veteran soldier's instincts, an ODS's instincts, warned him of very real danger. That danger lurked in every crevice and corner. And now that it was fading into night it would creep out like an infection.

He could hear a few faint gunshots out in the fading dusk above the din of the city. The AI sent a small message across his HUD.

"Network uplink offline" It sat there blinking for a few seconds. He knew what it meant. No support, no intel. No ONI spooks or superior officer to give him direction. The most important thing right now was to find a safe house and some information about this place. A city this big should-

BANG

A gunshot and a cry for help caught his attention before he could finish his thought. The Rookie snapped to attention and looked down the alley where the sounds came from. It was way down the other side, but even through the badly lit passage he could see what was happening.

Another one of those blue women. A civilian, by the looks of it, and she was being harassed by a trio of gang members, along with a bulky automated droid. She was holding her leg with one hand where she had been wounded. In the other, a sidearm aimed at the leader of the pack. It looked like they were toying with her. Perhaps she owed money or just pissed off the wrong people. They started talking, but it sounded like gibberish through the helmet's audio filters. The AI was going to have to work on some new translations.

He should help. But he knew better than to risk exposure. Involving himself against 4 opponents while injured was just asking for an early trip to his grave. Better to just wait until those thugs finished up and left.

The very loud ping in his ears quickly shook him out of this train of thought. His VISR display turned on, highlighting the alleyway and marking the thugs as enemies in a deep, pulsing crimson. The AI disagreed with his inactivity it seemed. Deep down he half agreed with it. His time with a dying Gage Yevgenny back on New Jerusalem reminded him to do whatever he could to save those that would otherwise be helpless. He knew better than to disrespect that memory. If it was just some regular thugs he could take them out quickly before they could even notice him. And he knew just how to do it too.

He stepped out of his shadows into the flickering lights.

End

file.